

Off top, bitch I'm rolling
Can't stay focused
I'm hopeless
I want white like a token
Blunts stay rolling, I'm posted
Catch you home alone Macaulay Culkin
Matt Hardy, my gun you getting broken
Your bitch wet and she throatin'
My girl blonde like Goten

It's no shade (Not at all baby)
You can't take (Easy money)
You know that I'm grand prize
Ahhhh you know I-

Bitch I got the sauce and It's wopped up
Stocks up
I might slip and shoot a cop up
They not us
I'ma make em put his guard
God up
Jesus
Hot sauce
With the cross up
(Can't take!)
I finesse em with a better body
Fresh Prince, no prints on a severed shotty
Kill Trump, do 'em like Floyd did Gatti
(It's no shade)

Man, look it ain't no motherfucking shade, I'm just talking
You the one that got that liberal arts degree

Yahhhhh whoooooooooo!
It's no shade! (YOWWWWWW!)
You can't take! (Whooooo! Yea)
You know I give it (Yea!)
I serve it
You know that I'm grand prize
It's no shade
You can't take
You know I give it, I serve it
You know that I'm grand prize